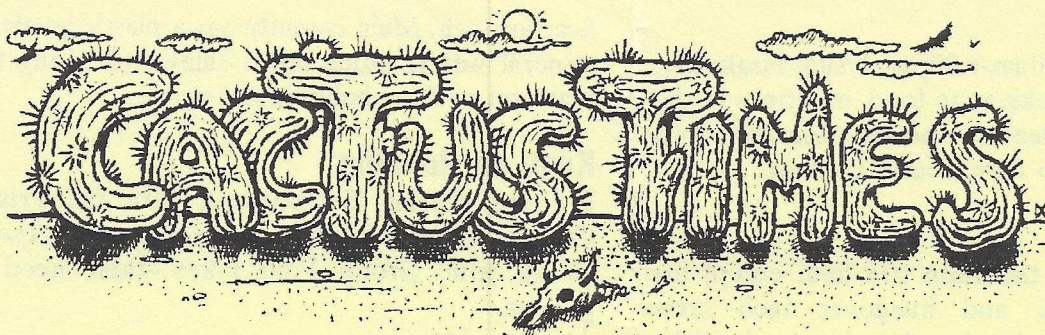




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**Volume 4  
Number 1**

**Friday  
Evening**

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## All Change

Ten Downing Street announces that, due to today's poor opinion polls, yesterday's Cabinet reshuffle has been revised. New Ministers: Mike Ford, Chancellor of the Exchequer; John Harvey, Home Secretary; Eve Harvey, President of the Board of Trade; Colin Harris, Environment; Nic Farey, Employment; Linda Krawecka, Transport. Mexican members are assured that the convention will not suffer as a result of this short-notice reassignment of committee members. The committee will now be boosted by the talents of John Selwyn Gummer (Chair), Norman Lamont (Programming), Michael Heseltine (Bookroom), Norman Tebbit (Registration Desk), John Patten (Silly Games) and Douglas Hurd (Fun).

## Programme News

K.V.Bailey replaces Richard Evans as moderator on 'Waves of Synchronicity' on Saturday morning.

David Garnett replaces Chris Amies as moderator on 'Telling It Like It Is' on Monday morning. Ken Campbell has also joined this panel.

*People's Video Programme:* to borrow videos see Dave Carson (bookroom) or Linda Krawecka.

## Cabbie's Challenge

A taxi-driver (who had that Rog Peyton in the back of the cab once) recommends the Chinese in York Place and the (Cantonese) Jade Crystal ('Jade Something,\* anyway' [RP]), along with stringing Norman Lamont up (cuisine unknown). Asked whether Scarborough runs to anything more exotic (Thai? Japanese?), she said, 'People who come here only want fish and chips.' We feel sure that if it's there (foodwise) Mexican members can find it, so let us know. Rog eventually ate at the Scarborough Tandoori, next to the Opera House: 'Good food, slow service.' \*STOP PRESS: In-depth research in the Yellow Pages suggests it may be the Jade Garden, Falsgrave Road.

For snacks, the Green Lizard (visible from

outside the hotel) has its moments. Yorkshire pudding lurks. Authentic chip butties were consumed by C.Stross and M.Gentle; the fan who ordered tagliatelle should *not* have been surprised at the side order of chips. • **Langford's budget eating tip:** Take John Jarrold. • **John Harvey's tip for finding a restaurant:** *Don't* take Mike Ford.

## First Major Committee Cock-up

Due to circumstances beyond Mike Ford's reading ability, we do not have use of the basement bar (Nick's Bar) until tomorrow. Please use the Cornelian (non-smoking) and the Terrace tonight.

## Birthdays and Stuff

*27 May:* John Barth, 1930; Harlan Ellison, 1934. Massacre of Protestants in Northern Italy, 1606. Habeas Corpus Act, 1679. Professor Picard reached the stratosphere in a balloon, 1931.

*28 May:* Louis Agassiz, naturalist/geologist, 1807; Dr Joseph Guillotin, 1738; Kees van Toorn, 1954. Arrival of Maximilian of Habsburg in Veracruz to become Emperor of Mexico, 1864. Paris Commune suppressed, 1871. Neville Chamberlain becomes Prime Minister, 1937. Anne Brontë died 1849 (she's buried in Scarborough).

## Century of the Damned

As at 5.00pm, 100 members had shown up—97 registered and three walk-ins.

## Strict Discipline

Mike Ford—hotel liaison after our reshuffle—says that Blu-Tack may be used on any surface except wallpaper. Anyone seen using it on wallpaper will be nailed to the wall for the rest of the convention.

## Chill(i) Out

Tickets for the great Spinrad Chilli feast on Saturday night are on sale now at Registration, £1.00 each, first come first served. Get in fast before they all go.

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*The Wayside Pulpit*

'The secret of publishing a successful fanzine is getting out a first issue.'



## Bookroom

Opening hours 9.30am-6.00pm. Usual bookroom rules apply: no smoking, no food, no drinks in the room, except for dealers who can ruin their own health and stock to their hearts' content.

## Smoking

Is not allowed in the main con hall, except for nervous panellists and hungover tech crew members. This rule is relaxed during parties. The Cornelian bar is all no-smoking; smoking is allowed in other bars. As ever, follow the hotel's rules in the restaurant and respect the wishes of the occupant of any hotel room you happen to be visiting. There are cigarette machines in the hotel, but I haven't found them yet.

## Lots and Lots

Are you a mermaid? A heart, a rose, the sun or the moon? Keep the Mexican lottery ticket enclosed in your programme pack for a free drink at Banksie's Blowout tonight. Find someone with a matching ticket, make a new friend and get a surprise! There is something for everybody in the Mexican lottery!

## Things Get out of Hand

The half-gallon jar at Registration is *claimed* by the people we bought it from to hold zillions of tiny things. But who knows exactly how many? Eve Harvey, whose dream of joy was to count them! Take a guess! Win your own copy of *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*! Just twenty pence a guess, or six for £1.00, in aid of Books for the Blind.

To enter: Take a form from Registration, examine the jar carefully and MAKE THAT GUESS! Then put your money in our beautiful hand-crafted money box, which represents the ancient sage Ni Kol-Tse. He knows EVERYTHING—except how many things there are in the jar. Only Eve Harvey knows that. Guess as many times as you like. Winner to be announced at the Closing Ceremony on Monday.

## Drinks on Sawyer

Andy Sawyer is to be the next administrator of the SF Foundation. He takes up his post at Liverpool University on 1st August.

## Two Falls, No Submission

To fall off one train is unfortunate, to fall off two between Southend and Scarborough you probably have to be Pam Wells. First fall was at Fenchurch Street, where Pam's chequebook and purse landed on the track and were retrieved by a helpful BR porter with a shovel.

Fall Two, witnessed by Robert Stubbs, Mooring and Dibbs and Ward and Davies, took place at

Scarborough. Main casualty was a plastic bottle of mineral water, which left a shiny trail along the platform as Pam hobbled taxi-wards.

## Keep on Running

We are sharing Scarborough with the Prison Officers' Association conference. Please don't send us all your Group Four jokes—their need is greater.

## Brevity is the Soul of What?

On Sunday Mexican plans to bring you another first ... a newsletter containing a complete science fiction anthology! (Notion © Barnett & Langford Devious Plans for Getting Others to Write the Thing, plc.) Forget 100-word stories ('drabbles'); forget Brian Aldiss's 50-word 'mini-sagas'; this is the cutting edge of brevity, the *eight-word science fiction novel*. SF pros are permitted, nay, encouraged, to condense their existing work for this exciting anthology ('Wow! Longer even than *The Last Dangerous Visions*!'—H.Ellison in 8 words exactly). Official entry forms will not be available: use a bit of paper. *Immense prizes!* At least, one copy of *Sex Secrets of Ancient Atlantis* by John Grant hangs in the balance!

Entries—precisely 8 words, even for dekalogies, etc.—by exactly 8.00pm Saturday to either Langford or Barnett, or to Registration, or to the newsroom.

## Reign of Error

So you bought the new *Encyclopedia of SF*? Or you expect to win one by guessing how many things? Then you'll need the exciting 5-page supplement whose first edition was completed mere days ago, listing the most interesting and amusing errors yet located in this monumental tome (plus updates on omitted books, dates and much more). By dint of great personal heroism and ratlike cunning, a newsroom hanger-on has brought a copy of the list to Mexican, and we expect to be running off copies real soon now.

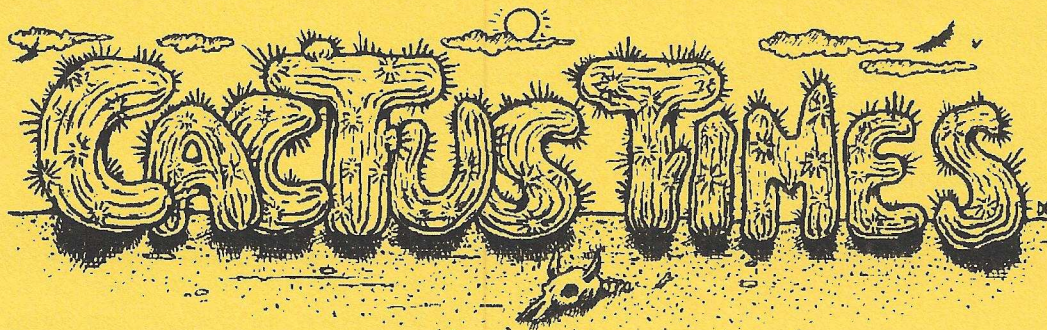
## FATW Chance!

Material from Fans Across the World will be up for grabs in the fan auction, so please come, bid and make Bridget happy. Also available: April and May newsletters (please donate!).

## We Name the Guilty

All the mistakes and infelicities in this first *Cactus Times* of Mexican 5 are gratefully credited to chief editor and slave driver Abigail Frost. Good bits inserted by passing hacks Barnett and Langford. Thanks to Eve Harvey, Rog Peyton, Roger Robinson, Pam Wells and Bridget Wilkinson. Gregory Pickersgill is reverently acknowledged.





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**Volume 4  
Number 2**

**Saturday  
Afternoon**

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## **Grubby British Seatown With A Selection of Junk Shops**

*Brian Ameringen scours:* Six charity shops, four real bookshops, numerous junk shops ... and one boot fair. Mrs Lofthouse—Queen Street. Very Large Second Hand Bookshop. About average condition, calibre and prices. Reasonable to good selection of paperback sf priced from 80p to about £2. Very few sf Hardbacks but LOTS of Fiction, Childrens, and other books. Probably open Sunday and Monday, but I forgot to ask. (0947 880 561) • Scarborough Books—Castle Road. Prestigious, quality books for high-ish prices (e.g. *The Carpet People* on the First Edition shelves for £8.95 ... unfortunately 'First Thus' i.e. the recent one [be still, my beating heart!]). Open 10-5.30 Sun/Mon. Go take a look, and retreat with thanks to the Bookroom • The Bar Bookshop—Swan Hill Road (Off North Street). Special award for 'best-hidden and disguised': an ordinary house doubling as a second-hand bookshop, with a large selection of fiction, classics, topography, history, etc. Very little sf and only open 10.30-12.30, 2.30-4.30 TODAY—but worth a visit if you're interested in other fields • Hanover Arts—Hanover Road. Nice little bookshop with some sf but mainly remainders, art, biography and similar. A bit crowded with stuff but friendly and helpful. Open 9.00-5.00 today and Monday • Lots more places seem to be strewn around, particularly charity and junk shops, but deadline panic makes me finish in a rush....

## **Birthdays**

29 May: Charles II, 1630; G.K.Chesterton, 1874; Neil R.Jones, 1909; T.H.White, 1906; **David T. Cooper** (Party Animal), 1963. Fall of Constantinople, 1453. First Bank Holiday, 1871. Everest climbed 1953. Sir Humphry Davy died 1829.

## **Programme Changes**

There are none. Colin Harris reports that he got some sleep last night.

## **Programming Cock-Up Number One**

The BSFA AGM will still take place (as announced in *Matrix*) at 12 o'clock on Sunday in the Cornelian Suite. Apologies for leaving it off the programme sheet ... no view held by the committee should be construed from this.

## **Correction**

In *CT* #1, 'Ni Kol-Tse. He knows EVERYTHING—except how many things there are in the jar' should have read 'Ni Kol-Tse. He knows EVERYTHING—except how many things there are in the jar and the plural of *deus ex machina*'.

## **Fanzine Fans Three-line Whip**

Fanzine panel is at 4.00pm today! Please make sure you've got a copy of the Mexican fanthology,

and have read it. (There will be a TEST.) Persons of a nervous disposition: be reassured that M Ashley does not feature in this publication. [*Nigel E Richardson explains: He's been spending too much time having fun with cute nieces. West says he's now taking driving lessons so he can take up joyriding.*] It's the blue fanzine at the registration desk and essential reading.

## **Eight-Word Novels Comp Latest Red Hot News**

An early entry (*not* by Norman Spinrad) was the eight-word remake of *Bug Jack Barron*: 'Forever, televised live, she sucked his nitty-gritty.' This one may need more work. Remember—entries on one side of a piece of paper to Registration, P.Barnett or D.Langford by 8.00pm tonight! Original works and retellings of famous sf/fantasy novels are equally welcome: a prize in each category! Titles are optional (but not to be too bloody long). [*Cactus Times proper welcomes eight-word news items, if properly submitted in writing and not about bloody chocolate—AJF*]

## **Bloody Chocolate**

Local Thornton's special offer—four chocolates for 99p, reports *1/2r Cruttenden* in clear breach of above guidelines. Branch is at top of Huntriss Row.



## Five Minutes of Fame

Yes, you can be a luvvie! Join the select and glittering company of Mexicon programme participants by volunteering as a Radio Play character (eight people needed) or a Crackerjack [CRACKERJACK!] Quiz entrant. See Eve Harvey for this once-in-a-lifetime Big Chance, darling.

## Evesdropping

Eve Harvey, lying under the photocopier with strange man\*: 'Oh God no, no, don't do it like that, go the other way ...' (\*Oh all right, John Harvey. Who later explained: 'We were just changing position.')

## Apologies

Mike Siddall apologizes profusely to the person who heard him employing Foul Language and complained to the hotel porter. Since the offending word was 'bastards', solicitous *Bernie Evans* asks the complainer to visit her at Registration, where she will be glad to teach him or her a number of more advanced terms.

## Or Give Me Death

Roz Kaveney announces that if Mike Siddall or anyone else would like to join the National Council For Civil Liberties (called by its ideologically unsound wing *Liberty*) she has the forms. Roz and Avedon Carol are both members of the NCCL Executive, but don't let that put you off this utterly triff organisation.

## Weerde Tales

Mary Gentle, Roz Kaveney and Alex Stewart will be signing copies of *Weerde II* at the Andromeda table 1500-1600 Saturday. ('Me too,' claims Dave Langford.)

## Are You Politically Challenged?

If you're a BSFA member, we can offer professional assistance and counselling ... (*Kev McVeigh*: 'Start again!') For members only, the BSFA AGM is at noon on Sunday (Cornelian). Empires will topple and a new order of things will emerge. They say.

## Overheard

'I've got a big one too!' (*Colin Fine*) • 'Paul Brazier is the most huggable man in the known universe.' (*KIM Campbell*) • 'I was Morris dancing in Utrecht ...' • 'Oh, I'll have to do something really scandalous to get mentioned.' (*Eileen Weston—she did!*) • 'The symbolism of a one-legged dinosaur with an enormous erection is perhaps best not explored.' • 'The new BSFA Coordinator has got to have better legs than Kev McVeigh' (*our Political Analyst writes*) • 'Oh,

Christ, Charlie, you haven't brought a computer?' *Grinning Charles Stross, hefting vast case*, 'It's worse than that, Jim, it's a manuscript.'

## Food Spot

Someone liked *Wackers Fish & Chip Restaurant* (Vernon Road) enough to press their card eagerly upon us. Open 7 days • Proud owner of a stud parrot, the follicularly challenged Ian Sales has managed to disappoint the grasping restauranteurs of Scarborough by the simple expedient of bringing his own sandwiches. (NAF) [*You said it—AJF*] • Need to get rid of excess food? The 'Jetboats' from the front are hotly recommended: £1.90 for about 20 minutes; good speed, great cornering.

## Speller Bares S.F. All!

The story to go with this headline has yet to reach *Cactus Times*.

## Cabinet re-reshuffle

Presumably the reason why the reconfigured Mexicon committee (*Cactus Times* #1) did not contain a tech member is that the present team is deemed irreplaceable. (NAF)

## Ops Manager's Great Personal Sacrifice

'Have you seen John's giant penis? It's pinned up at the top of the stairs to Nick's Bar.'

## Food Spot II

Nick's Bar—the main convention bar—is now open! Unused breakfast tickets can be used as part payment for snack meals there 12.30-2.30, 5.00-7.00 and 10.30-11.30. (Also, the beer's better [*fit shaysh here*] than in the Terrace Bar, which is open to mundanes.) The bar in the Cornelian is open as advertised in the programme leaflet.

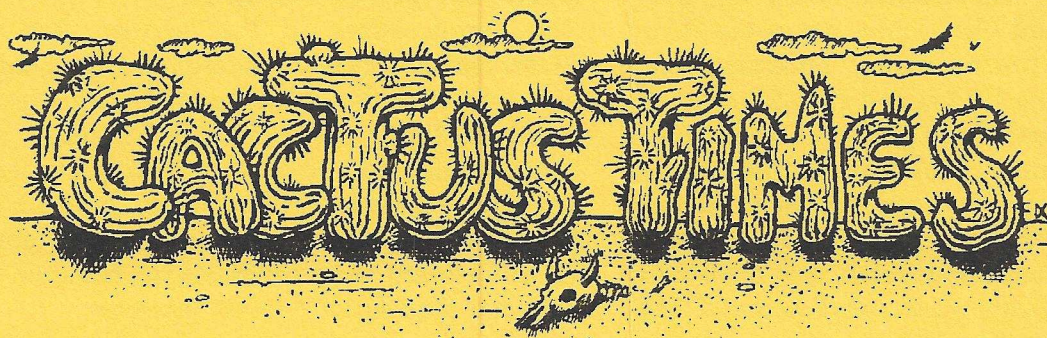
## People's Video

Steve Hubbard announces a showing of two short (five-minute) computer-animated (mostly) videos: *Love Bytes* (directed by Peter 'Eat the Peach' Ormrod, a live-action/animation promo for a possible feature (contains bits unsuitable for children) and *Juro Tours*, the visuals for a theme park simulator ride. Cornelian Bar, 5.00pm.

## Questing Hacks

Miss Abigail Frost would cringingly like to thank her betters, viz Barnett and Langford, for condescending to share their mighty expertise with humble little her, and remind Kincaid that he's on tonight at 6.30. Thanks also to both Harveys, Mike (Mr Crash) Ford, Alison Scott, etc. We forgot to mention Dave Carson for his very wonderful cactus logo. Well, we've mentioned him now. Our reverence for GFP remains undiminished [29/5/93].





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Volume 4  
Number 3

Saturday  
Evening

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### GoH gives birth to novel

Pat Cadigan admits to writing novel in labour in shock horror revelation during searing interview. Or words to that effect. Actually she said there comes a point where you're just lying there, watching television or something. So she wrote. Challenged that Candia McWilliams had said that for a woman writer every baby was the equivalent of two novels, Pat threatened to throttle her son, demanding: 'Give me back those novels!'

### TransAtlantic Fan Fun

Goodies at tomorrow morning's auction include a signed copy of Harry Warner Jr's *A Wealth of Fable*, of which Ted White said: 'It's better than carrying cucumbers up the Cairngorms with your clitoris.' To be sold in aid of TAFF; administrator Abigail Frost thanks bloody Martin Smith for bringing it all the way from Corflu.

### Eight Word Novels

'Two universes—now you see 'em, now you ...' was the luscious Eve Devereux's version of John Grant's *The World*, disqualified the instant we saw her beard. Another effort, disqualified on grounds of beard and inquiringly cupped hand, was the Langford/Grant *Earthdoom*: 'All fucked up—ends. Ends? Up fucked all!' Surely you can do better than this! There's still time for entries: by 8.00pm to Langford, Barnett (catch him at end of 'Spirit of Place' panel?), newsroom, Registration ...

### Vital Statistics

Last night's bar takings were £1710.43, which translates as 1103.503 pints of Boddington's, several of which were not drunk by D. Langford.

### Overheard

'The way Rog Peyton was using it, it definitely is a sex toy.' • 'Are there any German fans here? Don't let *them* enter the 8-word novel competition.' • 'Your legs are better than *mine*, you bastard!' • *Young tearoom waiter giving bill to customer*: 'Would you like us to add it up for you, Madam?' • Paul Barnett's excuse for wearing shorts: 'Well, if that Maureen Speller can wear a mini skirt ...'. To which Maureen responded: 'You need velcro knees to keep your legs together.'

### Speller Bares S.F. All!

The story to go with this headline has *still* to reach *Cactus Times*. We will investigate further.

### Lost, stolen or strayed

Where, cries the committee, is our Martian Popping Thing? Reward for safe return: one stick Channelcon rock. No questions asked or answered.

### Bedtime Stories Update

K.V.Bailey's Barsoom Ballads (Cornelian Suite, Saturday 11.15) will now feature in addition, poems by Steve Sneyd, Peter T. Garratt and 'Absent Friends' including Andrew Darlington. This is [*it shaysh here*] the cerebral part of the evening's entertainment.

### Guest of Honour Speaks Out

In an exclusive interview shared only with 200 Mexican members unsuccessfully sticking their fingers in their ears, lovely GoH *Pat Cadigan* hastily got off John Jarrold's knee, hitched up her skirt unnecessarily and told our reporter: 'YOU DOG! YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T TRASHED *ME* IN YOUR LOUSY STINKING LITTLE NEWSLETTER?' She also demanded an apology from the gutter journal *Ansible* for quoting her as saying (in connection with certain noted US sf editors) 'Blow it out your ass!' This, as she pointed out at 130 luscious, pouting decibels, was a *mere preliminary* to 'a 20-minute drunken tirade'.

### Food Spot

Linda Krawecke recommends Marshall's on ----- Street (she had such a good time she can't remember where it is). 'Lovely yard, sit under a green parachute, F+chp 2.50, York pudd + gravy

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*The Wayside Pulpit*

'I look on this as creative editing. Other people call it other things, ranging from bloody interference to fucking impertinence.'



1.50. Basic. Good,' she enthuses almost legibly.

Roz Kaveney and Chas Stross report the *Hong Kong* restaurant is worth avoiding: 'Food mediocre, bill enormous.' Rog Peyton and Paul Kincaid, on the contrary, report: 'Food good, bill reasonable.' Normally you wouldn't look twice at *The Creamville* at the top of the road opposite. Roving occasional eater Nic Farey reports that the pizzas are superb and tremendous value, also cooked by genuine Italians (with Scarborough accents). His future partner in wedlock Dee Ann Lipscomb pronounced the lasagne 'real good'. Nic also comments: 'They have proper garlic bread on pizza bases—none of that French stick crap.' The Sicilian coffee has enough jolt to wake the dead, or at least Charles Stross. Meal for two, garlic bread and two coffees (each): £10.95.

### **Believe it or Don't**

Paul Brazier proudly presents *Nexus* #3, complete with vast reports of Mexicon 4. Relive those happy time-warped days at the Cairn! Yes, it really and truly is out and available (£2.95) at this convention. [*An ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer writes: 'What did I tell you about green shoots?'*]

### **The Scottish Convention**

Do you want to discuss The Scottish Convention and policy on fannish items? Come to an informal ~~bloodbath~~ discussion organized by Lilian Edwards, Christina Lake and Ian Sorensen, 1.00pm Sunday, Nick's Bar.

### **Twenty Wicked Perverts**

Or anyone else who wants a TWP meeting, should contact Lilian Edwards or Moira Shearman.

### **Mexicon DOESN'T match Egypt A controversial report by Geoff Ryman**

Mexicon seems very sane and orderly after Egypt. No, really! On my first day I went to visit Heliopolis and was surrounded by teenagers who wanted me to stop writing things in my notebook. I went down to al Maadi, also near Cairo, and was hauled in by a plain clothes cop for taking photographs. I was beginning to see that things in Egypt really had become rather tense, and looked forward to dinner with an Egyptian friend. He was visited by a delegation from the local mosque who wanted to interview him about his religious beliefs. If he was not a true Muslim, they were going to dissolve his marriage against his will. This would mean that he would have to leave his flat and become effectively homeless. 'I wouldn't mind if they were not all such liars and hypocrites,' he said. He had my full sympathy until he also said. 'Nasser knew how to cope with them. He shot them all.' Like I said, tense and confused.

### **Bastards! Scum! Bastards!**

The empty tables in the Terrace Bar with 'Reserved' notices on them are to be used only by Hotel St Nicholas guests, and not by Mexicon members staying in the Hotel St Nicholas.

Mighty-thewed hero, Pete Weston, led a ferocious rearguard action, which resulted in a determined hotel person slapping 'reserved' notices on half a dozen more tables. As yet, however, they have not thought to 'reserve' the seats.

### **Exclusive! An Interview with Ni Kol-Tse!**

Q: 'Why do you think hordes of nubile women should come along, pick you up and stuff money into you?' A: 'Because it's in aid of Books for the Blind, you round-eyed pommy bastard!'

### **The Scottish Convention (again)**

If your cheque has not been cashed, be grateful... No, sorry, see K.I.M Campbell or Alice Lawson. Yes: Kev McVeigh sees pink co-ordinators, other people see K.I.M Campbell and Alice Lawson.

### **Fitba!**

After events at Scarborough castle on Saturday afternoon the question on everyone's lips is—Is Ian Sorensen a football fan? (Seekers of the Real Truth). Meanwhile, Mark Plummer's favourite phrase is now revealed as 'Isn't it time you signed another bar chitty, Nic?'.

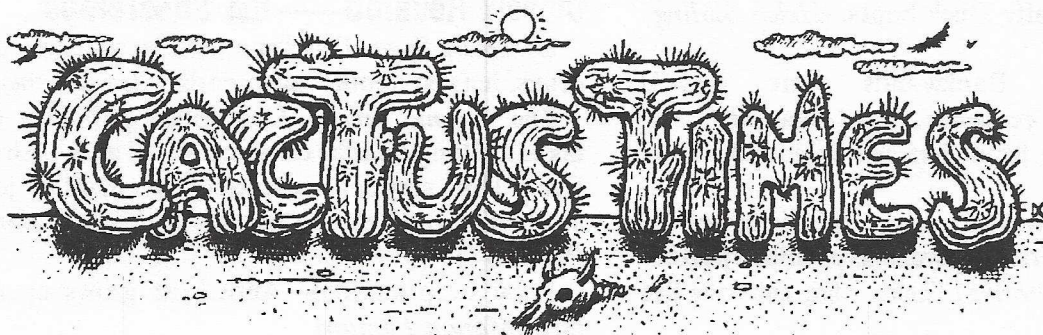
### **Blot Spot**

The next Blot will be on either Saturday or Sunday 19th/20th June in Bristol. Anyone interested in filling one of the remaining Blot Lot places—or in being put on the list for future Blots—please contact **Chris Bell** (Sou'Wester desk in the bookroom) for further info. For tyros, a brief summation is that Blot is kind of like a one-day Milford, alternately workshopping (3-4 stories) and worshipping (Bacchus).

### **Fanzine Virus Morris Dancing Shock**

'We don't need any thrusting young fans,' claimed Ian Sorensen, as the ageing afficiandos gathered together for this year's post mortem on fanzine fandom. Demure Pam Wells said that she did not necessarily agree with this point of view. On health matters, Eve Harvey's assertion that fanzines might not be very interesting but at least you couldn't catch a virus from them was exploded by Simon Polley's assertion that sending them to America gave him piles. Quaint English Customs expert Lilian Edwards remarked that publishing fanzines these days is like Morris Dancing. If you you do it, you make sure you keep quiet about it. The panel concluded that fanzine fandom is dead but maybe it isn't (still).





Volume 4  
Number  $\pi$

Sunday  
Extra!

## The Cactus Times Literary Supplement

There was a mind-boggling response to the ill-advised Eight Word Novels competition, misjudged by Dave 'Hey, this judging's dashed easy!' Langford and Paul 'No it flipping isn't!' Barnett (who typed in all the entries). After complex calculations with pins, abaci and multi-sided dice, we can now announce the winners: **Andy Lane** for best original story and **Brian Stableford** for best retelling.

### The Shortlist: Originals

• *The 'Nineties SF Novel Revisited*. Elvis calling Mars. Kennedy dead. I'm coming home. (Andy Lane)

Bang—Universe created. Blip. Life. Blip. Universe explodes. (Marion Pitman)

*Bluebeard's Virus*. On her computer, there's a she mustn't read. (Abigail Frost—ineligible: on Mexican committee)

*Generic fantasy trilogy*. #1: *Hour of the Tortoise*. Our hero sets out on a hopeless quest. #2: *Month of the Horse*. Nothing much happens for eight hundred pages exactly. #3: *Year of the Hyena*. The Final Conflict is an eleventh-hour victory. #4: *Decade of the Exploiter*. The publisher has demanded another great book. #5: *Century of the Ghoul*. The author has been dead for years, but ... (Chris Bell—disqualified on grounds of interminability)

*Understandable Misidentifications*. #1: *Temporal Denial*. We are not Futurists. #2: *Unbelievable Imitations*. We are Stross impersonators. (Peter T. Garratt)

### Sharecrop Shortlist: Retellings

• *The Time Machine* (by A. Morlock). Stuff good public relations, there's Eloi for tea! (Brian Stableford)

*Dune*. Sand. Sand. Sand. Sand. Sandworm. Philosophy. Boom! Sand. (Mary Gentle)

*The Nine Billion ...* The stars were going out for a curry. (Alex Stewart)

*Venus Rising with Kalashnikov* (novelization of

the picture). There's more than one kind of shell, buddy. (Gus Smith)

*The Island of Doctor Moreau* (by A. Beast). Hand over your women! Are we not men? (Brian Stableford)

*Lord of the Rings*. Wanted: one ring. Will exchange for nine similar. (Mike Scott)

### The List to Starboard: Originals

*The Borgia Channel*. Pope's ghost haunts own downloaded personality on Mars. (Roz Kaveney)

*They That Have Power*. Colourless green ideas dream furiously of abject sex. (Abigail Frost)

*Charlie's Angels*. 'Mansonguilty!' Nixon declares. 'Nixon guilty!' Manson declares. (Norman Spinrad)

'You can't,' she said: 'It already has done!' (1/2r)

*The Magus Zoroaster*. 'Who's there?' 'You.' 'Oh, let's have a drink.' (Colin Fine)

*The Real Answer*. Now there's a syntax error. Retry, ignore, cancel? (Alex Stewart)

*An untitled cyberpunk novel*. Reader, I replicated him. Reader, I replicated him ... (Mary Gentle)

I died. I grew young. I was born. (G.F.J.C. Hedger)

I looked at the sandwich and it exploded. (Gus Smith)

She's born. She lives. We rape. She dies. (Alice Lawson)

Aliens invade. Chris tells a joke. Aliens vanquished. (Chris O'Shea)

The starship exploded! He'd lost her! Oh, no. (KIM Campbell)

*Digital Drones*. I have no mouth; I starve to death. (David Barrett)

*The Robbie Trap*. The trusted android positronic robo-butler done it. (David Barrett)

*Commuting Tomorrow*. Men in pinstripe



spacesuits with Daffy Duck boots. (*Helen Stirling-Lane*)

In existence. Backwards time travel. Chronoclasm! No existence. (*Paul Allwood*)

She fell off the train; her leg exploded. (*Pam Wells*)

Continuationwise this missionfuckup antisocialxeno's personalpsychosis prohibits perfect solution. (*Dave Mooring*) (*Look, Thog only type this crap*)

They crashed; boom, boom, out go the lights! (*Pam Wells*)

Once there was a universe, then there wasn't. (*David T. Cooper and Pam Wells*)

*Whistlestop Tour of the Alpha Centauri Zoo.* Zoon! ... Bark! ... Weep, wibble! ... Hoot! ... Fnargh! ... Help me! ... (*Helen Stirling-Lane*)

*Find the Alien.* Get shot at. Kill some dorks. Happy endings. (*Helen Stirling-Lane*)

Aliens! Call the army! Stop—friends—too late. (*Marion Pitman*)

End of the world postponed till further notice. (*Marion Pitman*)

Lichen eats edges, yet the centre still holds. (*Fran Dowd*)

Descending slowly, the starship landed in my custard. (*Stu*)

The Sun went supernova and the Earth melted. (*Tim, who coyly added the Ballard version: The Earth went supernova and the Sun melted.*)

In through the dilated door came the Dreadful ... (*Tanya*)

Searching for the Final Solution; we found two. (*Tanya*)

He went inside his head and changed everything. (*Tony*)

The road to Hell was paved with joggers. (*Stu*)  
Came down; looked around; trashed the planet; left. (*Tony*)

*Mortal Illness. #1: Attack.* Astronaut brings contagious disease earthwards from Galaxy. *Humanicide. #2: Quiescence.* Immune Japanese kid lives. Meets numerous others. Persevere. *#3: Decline.* Quest. Resourceful survivors test unlikely vaccine. Wait. *Xtermination.* (*Colin Fine*)

## Classix Revered—the Sheercrops

*Lensman Saga.* Dualisms collide galaxies; deal drugs, lenses; apotheosize; ends. (*Roz Kaveney*)

*The Cosmic Trilogy.* Cambridge philology don takes walking holiday on Mars. • All at sea. Green Eve. The serpent outwitted. • Merlin joins academics and bears to thwart AntiChrist. (*Marion Pitman*)

Baby swap scandal—AntiChrist grows up nice boy. (*Marion Pitman*)

'Throw the ring down a hole,' said Gandalf. (*Alex Stewart*)

*The Nine Zillion Names of God.* The stars were going out for a curry. (*Alex Stewart*)

*Lord of the Rings.* The Crack of Doom is closed for renovation ... (*Mary Gentle*)

Vladimir & Estragon: Solicitors—Back in Ten Minutes. (*Mary Gentle*)

*Dune.* I came, I saw the future, I conquered. (*A.A. Adams*)

*Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman.* Shit, my clock's busted. That's me screwed now. (*Mike Siddall*)

*New Maps of Hell's Cartographers.* They mapped reality at one to two scale ... (*Andrew J. Wilson*)

*Generic Storm Constantine.* Gad, sir! That's no gentleman! That's my wife! (*Anonymous*)

*Generic Rob Holdstock.* rut earthy rut in the forest rut rut. (*Anonymous*)

*The War of the Worlds* (by *A. Bacterium*). Next time, don't eat them all at once. (*Brian Stableford*)

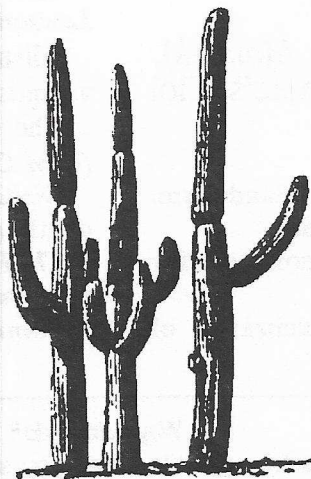
*The First Men in the Moon* (by *A. Selenite*). Stop sending those radio messages now, Mr Cavor! (*Brian Stableford*)

*Nineteen Eighty-four* (by *O. Brien*). When the clocks strike thirteen—unlucky for some! (*Brian Stableford*)

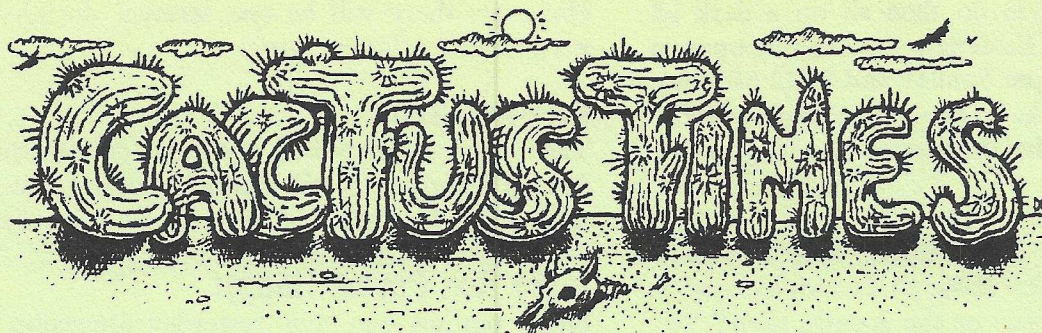
*Brave New World* (by *A. Delta*). I'm rilly glad I'm a better ~~dillo~~ delta! (*Brian Stableford*)

*Vintage micro-saga.* Aliens disguised as typewriters? I've never heard such— (*plagiarised by Colin ['Mr Rake Back Plenty!'] Greenland*)

*Harm's Way.* Sophie suffers, seeks secrets, summons skills, soils spaceways! (*Colin That was sails, you b●●●●●d sc●m' Greenland*)







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Volume 4  
Number 4

Sunday  
Afternoon

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**Apology.** We are told that various members of the hotel staff were offended by our heading on last issue's item about reserved seating. This was intended to be jocular, but we understand their grievance and apologize to those individuals for the miscalculation.

### Important Notice

Your committee adds: Please respect the reserved tables which the hotel needs for meetings with external clients. The hotel staff have been extremely helpful and friendly, and this small item of cooperation will be much appreciated. We would also add that the Terrace Bar is not reserved for sole Mexican use—if you want to be particularly fannish/outrageous, please move down to Nick's Bar or the Cornelian Suite.

### Fans Not Drinking Shock!

The bar manager says we're not drinking much. This is not good enough—get your fingers out, we've got a reputation to maintain! (Mike Ford)

### And Who's to Blame?

Shock news was leaked to us in the form of 250 copies of a lurid pink flyer that last night John Jarrold (*Who he?—Thog*) left the bar area before 10.30, 'in favour of a decent night's sleep'. But who could she have been?

### Birthdays

30 May: Hal Clement (Harry Stubbs), 1922. **Malcolm Davies**, 19??; Bob Hope, 1903. Joan of Arc barbecued, Rouen, 1431. Christopher Marlowe 'orribly murdered 1593. *Chris Bell* reports (*Report (n.) A loud bang.—OED*) that St Francis of Sales, patron saint of writers, has two days: 24 and 26 Jan. One was the deadline, the other when the MS arrived. [*Wot, same year?—Ed.*]

### BSFA Blues

Novel: *Red Mars*, Kim Stanley Robinson (runner-up, *Hearts, Hands and Voices*, Ian McDonald); Short: 'The Innocents', Ian McDonald, *New Worlds* 2 (runner-up, 'The Coming of Vertumnus', Ian Watson, *Interzonk* 56); Art: *Hearts, Hands and*

*Voices* (cover), Jim Burns (runner-up *Kaeti on Tour/Interzone* 66, Jim Burns). Dave Langford has changed his name by deed poll to Dav Lfd.

### Popcorn Corner

Mexicon members are known for their fearless ability to seek out new and exciting experiences, and many of them broadened their minds yesterday with *Piranha Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*, a feminist political thriller (not) from Linda Krawecke's extensive collection of bimbo movies. Produced in California on a shoestring too short to run to full costumes for most of the women, this remarkable film portrays a possible future with much of California taken over by Amazon-ridden avocado jungles. Of particular cinematic note were the embedded references to *Apocalypse Now*, 2001 and a host of other (better) films. This reviewer particularly liked the war that raged over whether men taste better eaten with guacamole or clam dip. (Alison Scott)

### Corflu 10: Softball Game From Hell

Corflu 10 (the US fannish con) was held last week in Madison, WI. The ≈130 members packed into the opening ceremony to see a radio play starring Ted White as Ghu, Andy Hooper as a fan of little faith and Bill Bodden as several men with a ring in his nose. Sercon fannish stuff was interspersed with good bheer and fun in the jacuzzi, climaxing with a Sunday brunch where a ten-person pyramid was attempted with surprising success. The traditional softball game was held that afternoon in conditions of extreme muddiness; Andy Hooper's team narrowly lost 16-2. (Martin Smith)

### Easter Moose 1995

Confabulation is represented here by Alison and Mike Scott and a moose in a sombrero. As they

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#### The Wayside Pulpit

'Jesus Christ I'm reading this bloody thing right now and I can't believe it. It's worthless. It gets Brit fandom a bad name it hardly deserves, bad as it is. Every copy ought to be sought out and burned, with [the editor] securely roped down in the middle of them. My fury knows no bounds.'



have better things to do than sit on a desk all weekend, the 1995 Eastercon desk will be open in the book room 3-5pm Sunday and 10-12 Monday. Or find Alison, Mike or the moose and press £15 on them to join. May the moose be with you.

### Overheard

'Oh Christ there's three more!' *Paul Barnett* • [During a conversation about *Mods and Rockers*] 'Is Bank Holiday violence on the agenda, then?' 'No, Greg's not here.' • *Arnold Akien's Winning Conversational Gambits at Hotel Reception, #1:* 'There's this expiring dinosaur trapped within the walls of my room...' • *Paul Kincaid to Bernie Evans:* 'Did the table move for you, too?' • 'If I press £15 on Alison Scott, will it stick? Only if you put glue on it.' • 'The slap of a wet oak leaf is one of the things I love most.' *Rob Holdstock* • 'Tighten your thighs, Martin!' *Eileen Weston* • 'Do you want to know what time I went to bed or what time I went to sleep?' *Chris Bell* [Thog saw doxy blush] • 'Whether it's concave or convex it's all to do with sex with you, Jack.' [Cohen, of course] • 'There's a plague of ladybirds at the other bay! All in clusters on walls, looks like they're breeding all over the place ... unhallowed abominations ... primal slime ... blasphemous ichor ... excuse me a moment.' *Dave Carson*

### Food Spots

Another Italian restaurant is Angelo's, a little way down Eastborough, also serving 'proper garlic bread'; for the two flying Dutchmen that was a bit of a surprise: the 6in pizza bottom would have done very well as a full meal ... if we had only known before we ordered. (*Jan van 't Ent*) • £20 for two—and that includes £7 on wine—and it was too much [wine?—Ed] to finish ... Fagin's Restaurant. NOT Mexican, Indian or Chinese. Go out along St Nicholas Street to the right, turn right at Currys, turn right opposite a shop called Nic-Nacs, and Fagin's is next(ish) to the, er, Bell Inn. (*Chris No Relation' Bell*) • The quality/price controversy concerning the Hong Kong (*CT passim*) can be resolved by eating Duck in Plum Sauce or Sizzling Beef or Paper-Wrapped Chicken, all excellent: three courses (plus unlimited tea) for £12.50 a head. Avoid the noodle dishes and the Spare Ribs (plus limited coffee): uninspiring and also works out at getting on for £12.50 a head.

### Pigspurt—The Lock-Out

People wishing to witness the incomparable Ken Campbell in performance tonight should take note that doors will be opened at 7.50 and closed at 8.15 or when the room is full, whichever comes first. There is room for 180 people, so don't be late. No one will be allowed in during the show.

However, there will be *one* interval during the performance. (*Colin Harris*)

### Langford Smut

The *Cactus Times* editor who checked into room 140 on Thursday is still wistfully hoping that his shower will be fixed one day. (*So is his co-editor.*)

### Make Rog Peyton Happy!

Don't remind him that yesterday afternoon he made not a single sale after 3.00pm.

### Famous Beards of Fandom

For too long *Kim Newman* has languished in obscurity and shy reclusiveness. This must cease! Join the Kim Newman Appreciation Society at Linda's Shirt Emporium in the book room *now!*

### Emasculation Update

In a wonderfully choreographed display of articulate wrath, *Faith Brooker* laid into hapless *Dave Langford* last night for mentioning a vile rumour that the very wonderful Gollancz graphic-novel line had been cancelled. 'We've signed up Terry Pratchett's *Mort*,' she screeched forgivingly, 'and something by Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean too, you offending headline!' Searching the floor for portions of his anatomy, an ashen-faced Langford muttered, 'This is what comes of believing things in *Critical Waev*.'

### Speller Bares S.F. All

Sorry, the report submitted wasn't the one we were after, and cannot be reproduced here (sets of photographs on sale separately). But keep watching this space.

### Found

1 paperback, 3 magazines and 1 A4 pad. Please claim from Bernie: Registration or newsroom.

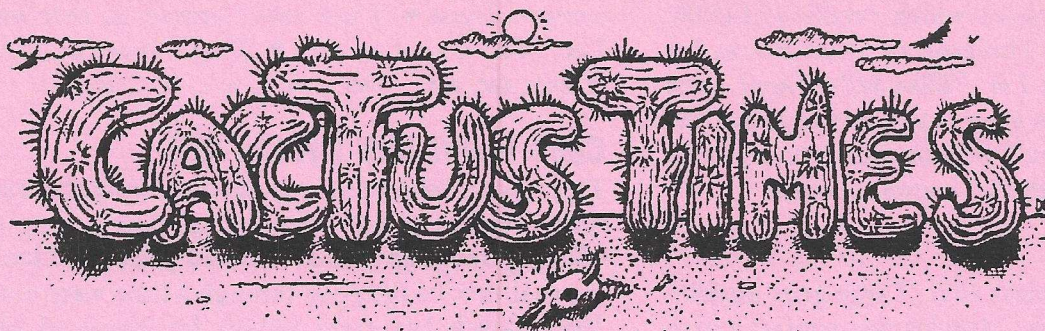
### Adendas and Corrigendas

Correction sheets for *The Encyclopedia of SF* are now available to order from the newsroom for 25p (to pay for copying five sides in small print). *Ni Kol-Tse* adds: 'Where's the correction about "dei ex machinaaaaaargh!"'

### Hugely Expanded Credits

*The bit that should have been in #3:* Editor Paul ('Hey this editing's jolly easy!') Kincaid. Bits from DAVE ('No it jolly well isn't!') LANGFORD, Abigail ('You jolly jammy chappie, Kincaid!') Frost, Alison Scott, Simon Ounsley, Martin Smith, Paul Barnett, GFP. Photocopying and poffreadin Maureen Speler. *This issue:* Sc•m Barnett and B•st•rd Langford again, plus **Your Committee**, Abigail Frost and contributors credited in their own items. ☺





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Volume 4  
Number 5

Sunday  
Evening

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## BSFA Cover-up Shock Horror

Reports of a peace outbreak in the BSFA are premature (writes our inside source, *A. D. Fector*). True, there was a veneer of Stepfordian smugness overlying the AGM, as evidenced by the wholly democratic unanimous votes and equally democratic one-candidate elections. However, speculation is already rife about the photographs/dead bodies/unspecified blackmail material used to induce Chairman McVeigh to announce his departure to the post of Vice-President for Siberian Hydro-Electric Plant. It has been suggested that gorgeous, pouting Comrade General Secretary Carey will shortly announce a Five Year Plan to increase BSFA membership by 1000%, while technosupremo Steve Glover will establish a Third International to propagate the BSFA ideology into Cyberspace. Mumbblings of dissent by ex-Commissar Barrett were suppressed ruthlessly. Sources suggest it is only a matter of time before all BSFA members are fitted with a modem and a phone-jack in the occipital lobe to decode BSFA publications. In another surprise move, Iain M.Banks (who he?) volunteered to ~~be sacrificed to~~ join the Central Committee. The motivation of this move is unclear, but the General Secretary graciously demonstrated acceptance and after a unanimous vote in favour a standing ovation was decreed.

It is no longer clear where the BSFA is going, except that it is now going there very rapidly indeed, under New Management. We would like to take this opportunity to offer our congratulations to the new Supreme Soviet of the Vanguard Party, and express our hopes for a Radiant Future..

### i In Nic's Bar Only!

There's a special offer on *Corona* beer from 7.30pm onward, tonight: just £1.50 a bottle. Loll in stupefyingly Mexican ambience, imitate John Jarr-old's famous accent, get drunk.... Boddington's is still available, again in Nic's Bar. (Its rival 'Nick's Bar' is a figment of Mike Ford's spelling.)

### The End is Nigh

Life too quiet? Come to the Closing Ceremony, *see* Mike Ford wind things up, *hear* the last gasp of The Scream, then settle down to the good old Mexican post-con talking shop. A chance to discuss this Mexican, next Mexican, and not impossibly ~~yell abuse at Chris O'Shea~~ consider certain aspects of ~~The Scottish Convention~~. Monday 2.00pm; followed by (and if you like, continued at) the Dog Day Afternoon in the Last Chance Saloon: three guests, a bar, and the best company in fandom.

### Fantasy Worlds

'Who's that woman in the short black dress with short dark hair,' drooled laid-back *Vile Anchors* editor Simon Polley in the small hours of last night. 'That's your wife' said a passing sober person from Edinburgh....

### 🕒 Tomorrow Calling

Check-out time is 12 noon. • The Cornelian will be available as a luggage-store. • Bookroom has voted unanimously to open 10.00am-1.00pm.

### GoH Speaks Out Yet Again

*Pat Cadigan*: 'Hey, are you trashing me in your lousy newsletter AGAIN?' *Langford*, cringing: 'No no no ...' *PC*: 'I'M SHOCKED! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! AFTER ALL WE'VE MEANT TO EACH OTHER!' (*Windows crack, hotel staff cower, fans flee covering their ears, Langford says 'Pardon?'*)

### Ni Kol-Tse World Tour

Tonight we humble folk will be graced with the august presence in our bar of the all [*except two things*]-knowing sage Ni Kol-Tse. He will appear briefly as part of his international tour, borne aloft by a host of nubile Chinese-Aboriginal slaves, wielding his awesome *di ex machina*—not to mention his two other *di ex machinis*. [*I have two proof corrigendae to make there, you drongos!*—*Ni Kol-Tse*.] During his fleeting appearances, politesse demands that you ram money into his orifice. This is your last chance to win a copy of the *Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, an



essential reference work which retails at £45.00. Thanks to Michelle Hodgson of Orbit Books for donating it. Ni Kol-Tse [*Who he?*—*Thog*] says: 'MAKE THAT GUESS even if you already have the book! If you win you'll be the only pommy Bisto kid on the block with two encyclopaediae!'

### Lift wanted

To Cambridge or points east. 'Large grip, middle-sized body, small ego.' Monday pm: contact Julian Flood.

### Would You Share a Used Car With ...

'When I saw Deborah Beale turn round on that stage, I thought, "Aw, I forgot my glasses again!"'

• 'There's a woman *with brains* writing SF—that's exciting!' • 'Feminist polemic? Isn't that tautological?' (*All Julian Flood*)

### What the Hell is Going on With the Worldcon?

... or, Whose Fanroom Is It Anyway?

Certain dissident elements (not unadjacent to *L. Edwards* and *C.Lake*) went on a decisive fact-finding mission into the uncharted depths of Steve Glover on behalf of tourist-trail Corflu fandom. Those not already on the Intersection committee (or their Magic Circle mailing list) may have noticed a certain lack of information as to what one might call the substantive elements ie the programme, which seems to command less frenzied excitement among the Illingworth coterie than such essentials of the conrunning trade as staff databases, Gant charts and Renaissance dances (oops, that's a programme item, isn't it?) What we, the Honest Proles of Fandom, would like is some access to simple information about programming ideas: themes, guests, formats, spaces. What's going on, in the words of Marvin Gaye? We thought this was a fairly non-combative request. But what transpired was a no-holds barred insult tussle in which we discovered that Steve Glover has the whole of the fanroom draft programme already written down on index cards 'only they're blank!' wailed overworked Steve. Does this preserve the field for democracy or expose us to the winds of Conspiratorial disorganisation? Answers on a beermat please to the end-of-Mexicon discussion session—the future of the fannish Worldcon is in YOUR hands. (*LE/CL*)

### Vox Pop

'That's what you do when you're an academic, you try to avoid the point at all costs.' *Lilian Edwards* • 'It's far too sleazy to be a *ballgown!*' *Maureen Speller* • 'What day is it today?' 'Yellow.' • 'It's not much fun playing with yourself.' *Paul Brazier* • 'I've got a numbers one and two crisis.' *Anon*

*campanologist* • 'I just saw Norman go *that way*, Lee.' *Too many to list* • *Thog's* 8-word novel: 'Lemme see: one ... two ... er ... er ... er ... er....'

### Can't Resist Cliff Lift Rift Gift

This town is fabulous for students of funicular railways (funicologists?). Several spotted so far, all offering travel up hills at assorted prices and looking as if they've dropped through a time warp from 1930. Beach has great virtues for lovers of silly hats, candy floss and pinball. Though once pinball was considered dead and buried, connoisseurs of little silver balls can find many different machines to eat their money. 4-7 games for £1 depending on where you look. Game of choice: Dr. Who, with excellent EX-TER-MIN-ATE effects. (*Alison Scott*)

### Agenda Addendae

At today's BSFA AGM the Dramatic Presentation category was formally abolished from the BSFA Awards (no dissenters, no mourners). Life memberships now available! If you want one, give £140 to a BSFA person now, or alternatively seek medical treatment. The price goes up to £150 after Mexicon, so watch it.

### Bookshops Footnote

Brian Ameringen's award for Best Filing in a Charity Shop: a copy of *Space 1999: Breakaway* by E.C.Tubb, filed under Travel.

### All Human Knowledge Lost Forever

For a few fleeting hours all human knowledge was contained in the *Cactus Times* office, as Eve Harvey (who knows how many things there are in the jar), Paul Barnett (who knows the plural of *deus ex machina*) and Ni Kol-Tse (who knows EVERYTHING ELSE) went about their numerous charge among the lilies bright. Then news came of the John Jarrold outrage, and the happy bubble burst. *None* of them knew why ... or even who.

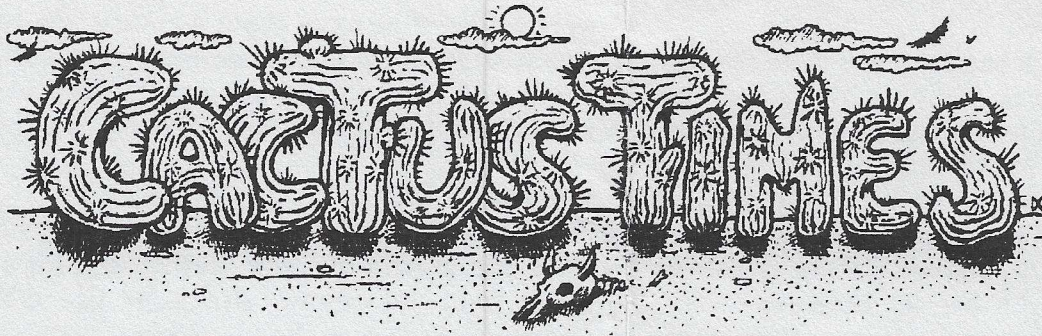
### One From the Heart

Why [*oh why*—*Ed*] is it that so many authors are concerned with writing about pop music and popular culture as opposed to actually participating vis a vis [*sic*] the live music last night? Is it because most of them are involved with a masturbatory fantasy as opposed to doing it for real? [*Search Thog*] (*Nic's Bar Techno Crew, not to be confused with Nic Farey's Tech Crew*)

### And A Cast of Thousands

Supreme over-editor: Abigail Frost. Absolutely no useful assistance at all from Langford or Barnett. John Harvey photocopied issues #π, #4 and #5. Lots of thanks to Alison Scott, Chas Cyberglasses and GFP. 'Not enough bastard sum this issue'—*Thog*.





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**Volume 4  
Number 6**

**Monday:  
It's Over!**

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### **Birthdays**

31 May: George R. Stewart, 1895. Darroll Pardoe, 1943. Reign of Terror begins in France, 1793. South Africa leaves the Commonwealth, 1961. First publication of skiffy epic *London, a Poem* by Samuel 'Doc' Johnson, 1738. **Additional Birthday:** Paul Oldroyd, 30 May 1955 (*well, what can he expect if he lets Barnett write it on a paper plate among the Thoughts of Julian Flood?*).

### **Remainder Reminder**

Colin Harris would like to insist that remaining Mexican people gather in the bar after the closing ceremony to buy drinks for our ~~nauseatingly rich, successful~~ guests [~~Fuck off and die~~ Slap on the wrist, Barnett! AJF]. Watch 'em fall over! Think of their misshed connections on the way home!

### **Fan Fund Auction**

This raised £159, of which TAFF got £32, FoF £11.50, FATW £51 and GUFF £64 (all figures rounded). Thanks all ~~mugs~~ generous fans and Rog,

### **Crackerjack Results**

*Winner:* Steve Lawson. *Special Award for holding most items for longest (with those lovely tight thighs!—E.Weston):* Martin Smith.

### **Roger Robinson's Quiz**

The result was an engrossing tie between Team B (Captain: Rog Peyton; Back-Seat Driver: Chris Morgan) and Team C (Captain: Paul Dormer; Back-Seat Driver: Mike Scott). *Our Statistical Correspondent writes:* Both teams got, er, quite a lot of points.

### **Fun for Young and Old Alike**

Having seen fans drinking bottles of Mexican beer with a slice of lime stuck into the neck, we wondered what might be appropriate to stuff into the necks of other bottles of potables: A bottle of Newcastle Brown with a slice of black pudding. • A bottle of Strongbow with a quarrel through the

neck. • A bottle of Dandelion & Burdock with a ten-year-old boy in it. • A bottle of milk with containing a Russian doll arrangement of bottles (lots of bottle, geddit?). • A bottle of tonic containing a dead mosquito. • Further suggestions to Chris & Pauline Morgan. [*Er, a bottle of lime juice with a set of fallen-out teeth in it?—Ed*]

### **One from the Console**

How can a man [*Torn Shippey*] whose main job is lecturing have so little understanding of the necessity of being seen by the audience? Here he is with a podium specially set up and perfectly lit, and he wanders around three feet away from it and keeps walking forward out of the spotlight! Our professional recommendation is that all future Mexican Lecture speakers agree to have their feet nailed to the appropriate spot. [*But won't the glass break?—Ed*]

The BOYZ from TEK

### **Attributed To ...**

Nic Farey proudly modelled his 'Corona' t-shirt. 'They only wanted 30 bottle tops. It wash ... eashy (*hic*) ...' • Dave Wallace (Duty Manager here, porter at the Cairn 1990; obviously a man marked by fate), to DRL: 'I was back at the Cairn the other week—the chilli con carne stain is still on the wall.'

### **Announcing the FFFFF**

Nominations are now opening for the person to represent British fandom's rapier wit and benign wisdom in the prestigious *The Wayside Pulpit* spot in *Cactus Times* Volume 5. Candidates declared so far are Abigail Frost ('Fuck off and die!!!'), Nic Farey ('Your fucking panel's over!'), Mike Ford ('You will print the apology! You will!'), Julian Flood ('He got that joke—but then he's a man!'), Fthog the Mighty ...

**That Eagerly Sought Joint Stableford Review of Ken Campbell's *Jamais Vu*** 'Great stuff!'—Brian. 'A bit rude.'—Kate.

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#### *The Wayside Pulpit*

'The only way out is to get right away, leave fandom completely, cold turkey on John Norman novels, take up professional writing.'



## Overheard

'I just woke up with a hangover and there she was' *C.Stross (as reported by Ripley)* • 'If you ever find yourself sitting next to a pregnant nun and a singing alcoholic, get off the plane' *Andy Lane* • 'When Thog throw up, up ~~STAY~~ throum' • *Julian Flood*: 'You've got an exceptionally deep voice, ma'am.' *Triumphant chorus*: 'There must be something wrong with her sex hormones!' *Steve Lawson reviews Mexicon V*: 'Like a retirement convention.' • 'I'm a member of Rotary fandom—fandom for the over-fifties.' *Peter Weston* • 'Die! Die! Er, hold on ...' *A. Frost*

## Speller and Cary Bare S.F. All!

The story to go with this headline appeared in last night's issue ...

## Letter to Editor

*Editor*, I am writing to ask you why you give ~~Thog~~ the ~~Mighty~~ such a hard time in your magazine. To us neoberserken he is the only one among the truberserken who is approachable. I had hardly come in the door of the hotel when I felt his welcoming axe in my skull, and I knew I was somewhere just like *home*. So I say, start going easier on good old Thog! [~~What this crap?~~—Thog]

## Late Eights

*The Little Engine that Couldn't*. I think I can. I know ... oh fuck! (*Roz Kaveney and Alex Stewart*) • *Star Wars* (from C3PO's point of view): 'Damn! Now look what you've got me into!'; *The Wasp Factory*: Gerbils don't last the way they used to; *Dracula*: A bloody boring flap. Coppola's stake big, though (*C. Stross, suffering keyboard withdrawal late on Sunday night*) [*That's enough drawl*—Ed]

## Langford Still Soils Spaceways

The famous Hotel Shower Repair Man maintained his unbroken no-show record (ever since Thursday). By gibbering at Reception, a CT editor who has now malodorously departed got 10% off.

## Corrigendae Superseded!

*John Clute faxes*: 'The *Encyclopaedia Addenda* just arrived, and looks [*sic*] superb.... Enjoy Mexicon. PS: One thing for the next edition ... It's Van (not van) Gelder.'

## Jade Drag

Tongues are wagging this morning about the Chinese meal enjoyed last night by E. and P. Weston, J. Jarrold and N. Crowther, and much unenjoyed by a sober R. Peyton, who bore the brunt of the red-eyed, hate-filled stares from the rest of the restaurant as the slurred chorales of his companions rose higher and louder. 'Some people

were getting quite nasty about it towards the end,' admitted P. Weston this morning. 'Can't think why. Lilian Edwards and her crowd were making more noise than us with their hysterical laughter.'

## Fantourist info

For the wandering fan there are some nice views to be had around this nice Scarborough town. It varies from the carnival attractions like Gilly's Casino on Foreshore Road, where the attentive fan will be astonished to see a little rocking automobile with license plate PAT 1 ... Rock on! By the way, it's 135 steps from the hotel down King's Cliff to the beach; of course, you can also take the 'tram' ... at 20p that's fast, easy, and only about 7p a step [*nice to find a sum that works*—Thog] ... Climbing back up, or whatever, do try to pay a visit to the castle; it may not be the keep of Pat's brother, but it does have an interesting historical background. (*Jan Van 't Ent*)

## Set This Small—Ed

Bastard Scum Leather-Jacket Fandom would like to apologize to *The Committee* for having fun without permission last night.

## Send Your Cheques to Reverend Rog

Rog Peyton attempted to flog at the auction a copy of *Prophet of Lamath* by Robert Don Hughes. 'It's a religious book!' came a cry from the back. Moments later it was confetti. Later it was revealed that the *Andromeda* signing book had almost met the same fate when Rog had discovered Anne Rice's inscription: 'You do the Lord's work.'

## Saddam Hussein Dead!!

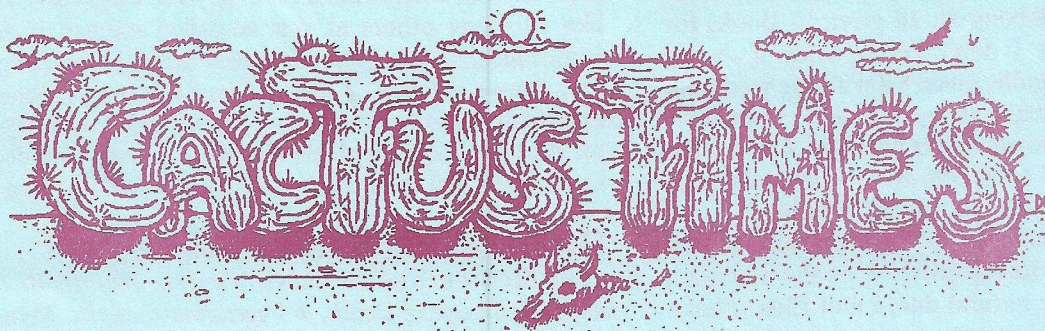
Alien life forms in the hotel ... or proof of resurrection? Winston Churchill (basement), Attila the Hun (Victorian Tea Rooms), J.Edgar (himself), Lord Nelson (4th floor) and Saddam Hussein (1st floor) are reliving their youth masquerading as vacuum cleaners in the hotel ... why were we not told? And why isn't there a panel about it? See next week's *National Enquirer* for photographic evidence ... (Fran Dowd)

'Fuck off and, er, what was that, Abigail?'—Thog

## We've Reached the Credit Limit

Abigail edited this issue, but Barnett and Langford secretly messed things up in advance. *The Wayside Pulpit* has presented extracts from the writing of Mexicon founder and Muse of Inspired Insolence Gregory F.Pickersgill in the 1970s. Final thanks to Ian Sales, Alison Scott, Charles Stross, Paul Kincaid, Maureen Speller, John and Eve Harvey, etc etc etc. *What enough cates*—Thog.





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**Volume 4  
Number 7**

**On To  
1994!**

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## **Tortilla Sandwich for '94**

As announced at the closing ceremony, Mexicon 6 (count 'em! Six!) will be a one-day event in 1994, to celebrate ten years of Mexicon and indeed the twentieth anniversary of Tynecon. Your reshuffled committee has been working day and night to get things rolling and now proudly announces, er, um, er.... What the hell, have we ever let you down before? OK, it'll be a one-day programme, probably sandwiched between two hotel nights (with a party on the Friday night); not a Bank Holiday; probably early summer (around June); at a site easily accessible by Inter-City. London, Birmingham, maybe Newcastle?, we asked tentatively at the closing ceremony—and were amazed at the strength of the response for Newcastle. So Newcastle's front-runner; watch this space for further details. Show your faith by signing up now at a flat membership rate of just **£9.50** (Cheap? Unbelievable!). Write NOW NOW NOW to:

**Mexicon 6, 121 Cape Hill, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands B66 4SH.**

### **Committee Coup**

In a devastating palace revolution, the permanent floating Mexicon committee has undergone intricate changes of immense significance to Mexiconologists. **John and Eve Harvey** have jointly seized the all-powerful Chair, deposing **Mike Ford** (who, however, still manages to keep his hands on the money as Treasurer). In a relatively bloodless role-reversal, **Colin Harris** takes over PRs and publications, and **Abigail Frost** joins John on the programming committee. **Linda Krawecka**, determined to be different, has re-defined her role as 'ambience'; she will also do as much fan programming as John and Abigail will let her squeeze in to the five minutes left once their grandiose plans mature. **Bernie Evans** sticks with membership, and **Mick Evans** takes on the vital role of letting us know when Bernie's doing too much.

### **Smart Lad or Lass Wanted**

... to take on Mexicon 6's on-the-day site liaison. Eve Harvey will handle initial negotiations, but we need someone reliable to come in a couple of months before Mexicon—and, during the con itself, trudge miserably round listening to Arnold Akien's dinosaur fantasies. We can offer all the usual committee privileges, ie blood, sweat, toil, tears and dealing with hysterical *Cactus Times* editors....

### **Roll Call**

Mexicon 5 had a total of 340 members (see overleaf for an arduously compiled list of those who signed up after the programme book had gone to press), of whom 279 showed up on the day. What were all the rest up to? We dare not even consider investigating.

### **Deranged Completists Please Note**

If you missed or have lost any issues of *Cactus Times* and are inconsolable, send an SAE to Abigail Frost, 95 Wilmot Street, London E2 0BP, with the numbers of the issues you want clearly marked on the SAE itself, before 31 October. (No replies until she returns from her TAFF trip in September!) We published six numbered issues, plus two supplements:  $\pi$ , the 8-word novel anthology, and ☺, Norman Spinrad's chilli recipe.

### **Ni Kol-Tse's Convention Report**

*The almost-omniscient Chinese-Australian sage condescends to write:* Well, you could say I had a pretty mixed sort of a time. It was fair crook, to be honest, standing on top of a jar on the Registration desk all day, but at least I got picked up a few times and given some money. Better than angling artichokes up Ayers Rock with your armpits, anyway, and it definitely beat lying in a box in a stuffy newsroom full of ignorant pommy bastards coming the raw crustaceum about one or two minute lacunes in my omniscience.

Things perked up a bit, to put it mildly, on Sunday night, when the lovely Linda Krawecka took pity on an old man's politely uncomplaining thirst and took me on a tour of the bars, where as a bonus I got to be fondled by not a few nubile wenches. Among these was Sarah Dibb, runner-up in the *Win an Encyclopedium* Contest, who guessed 802; winner was Brian Davies, at 804; typical effete long-haired pom, beats me how they can use the dunnee unaided. I'd rather give it to Sarah, but who asked me?

Eve Harvey has now let on that there were 806 things in that bloody jar, including 49 black ants, which is about what I felt like the morning after Sunday

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*The Wayside Pulpit*

'It is not beyond belief to think that a superb con could take place in an abandoned Civil Service office-block.'



night. Altogether, we raised more 20ps than you could shake honourable billabong at, all given to Books for the Blind. Turns out I don't get to keep it—usual pernicious pommy swindle, given I did all the work and my flaming useless disciple Jhong Klu didn't even show up to fetch foaming frosties. Plus my slave Ztab Li-Flo never left the side of an indecently young and lovely sheila he improbably claimed was his daughter.

Still, the abiding memory of Mexican will be that Sunday night, when I finally got a bit of the adulation female-wise that is my natural due. I met Elda (*Plastic Mini!*) Wheeler, Maureen (*Not Legless!*) Speller, Alice (*Come up and see my Green Room!*) Lawson, Debbie (*That was no lecherous drunk, that was my husband!*) Kerr, Catie (*Sock It To 'Em! [Allegedly]*) Cary, KIM (*Tin Hair!*) Campbell, and, last but not least, Pat (*Slander Me!*) Cadigan. These are *definitely* my kind of sheilae. **Ni Kol-Tse.**

*Thog adds:* Many thanks again to Orbit Books for donating book full of words too long for Thog.

## Letters to the Editor

**Dear You Dog,** Exactly *why* is the Mexican committee continually reprinting the motto from the family coat-of-arms only partially? The complete wording is 'BASTARDS! SCUM! BASTARDS! SHOOT THEM!' ... I [was] actually in error here—I should have been loudly demanding that the *Cactus Times* libel me, not *slander* me—the former is in writing, the latter is merely verbal. Or, as my Aunt Loretta (Jarrold's great-aunt) always said: 'Get it in writing. Then shoot them. Unless they do *tricks*.' XOXO, Pat Cadigan

**Dear Elitist Swine,** I am writing to ask why you give Stross the Mighty such a HARD TIME in your 'magazine'!? Of all the supposed 'pros' at the con, he is by far the friendliest to the *average* fan, as opposed to the SO-CALLED fannish elite! Why, the moment I walked in the door, he greeted me (a total stranger) like a long-lost friend and INSISTED I read the MS of his latest 'dekalogy'! I have been round long enough to know what an HONOUR this is!! Much later, when I had finished, he was at my side again, offering me the use of his STATE-OF-THE-ART LAPTOP to jot down pertinent 'comments'! So I say, stop KNOCKING good ol' Chazza! In fact, why not make him GoH next time?? This is SCANDALOUSLY overdue, which is inexplicable to the majority of SF-LOVING 'fans'! **Les Shartercross**

**Dear Degenerates,** I am writing to ask why you give

John Jarrold such a hard time in your magazine. Unlike so many others at this so-called science fiction conference, he sets a shining moral example to younger folk. I have never seen him use bad language or heard him drink to excess. So I say, lay off John and adopt his lifestyle yourselves! He'll still be doing the Lord's work when you're all rotting in Hell. **Reverend Rog**

## More Eight-Word Novelizations

... of Mexican 5's fave movie *Piranha Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*. • *Vegetarian-feminist*. Men—the pits! Won't even sprout when potted! • *Lesbian-separatist*. Eat no male flesh, sisters! Let's bonk instead. • *EC Common Agricultural Policy*. Directive 8,005,893: human corpses. 8,005,894: fruits. 8,005,895: vinaigrette. • *Avocado fetishist*. Squish. Squish. Aaahh! Green. Brown bit. Squish. AAAAAHHHHOWOOOWOHNNOOH-GODOHGODAAAAAAHHHHGulp! • *Yorkshire piranha*. They might bloody throw them in t'river afterwards. • *Joy Hibbert*. Stir-frying with ginger's too good for them. • *Caroline Mullan*. Now, now, girls! Hand Steve round like ladies! • *Julian Flood*. Lost tribe of voracious women? Just what I— •

## Amazing Offers and Free Plugs

Vast Prizes to any Mexican 5 attendees furnishing documentary proof that they were *not* asked if they stayed in that hotel that fell into the sea.... After trying Norman's cooking don't miss Pat Cadigan's: 'Calories: About two hundred billion per bite (each cheesecake = 3-4 bites) and worth *every single one*.'—this from one of many recipes by sf folk in *The Bakery Men Don't See*, the Hugo-nominated cookbook sold to fund the James Tiptree Jr Memorial Award. Also available: its 1993 successor *Her Smoke Rose Up From Supper*. Each £8.00 post free in the UK from Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, RG1 5AU. More details on request.

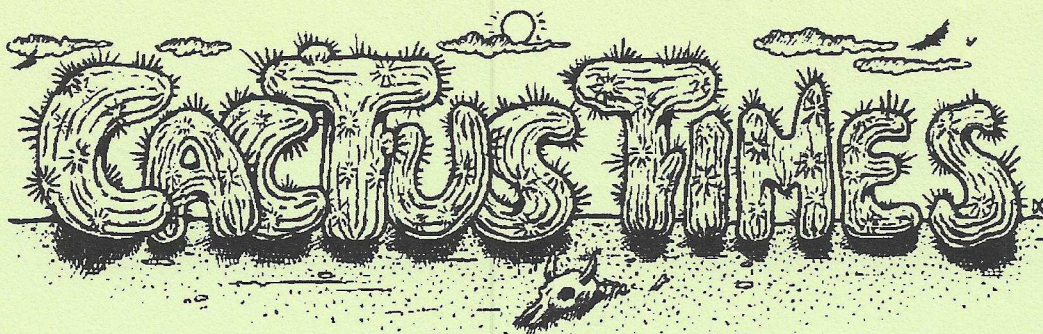
## Extended Credit

Abigail Frost wrote most of this. Dave Langford glowered annoyingly over her shoulder and later changed it all. Paul Barnett offered detailed criticisms which were gratefully ignored. John Harvey masterminded the production end (ie took it to the copy shop). Thanks again to Dave 'Drawn while trapped in a house for 10 hours with only 4 cans of beer and ½ oz of Old Holborn' Carson for the CT logo. We are still consumed with reverence for GFP and you rotters can't stop us. ☺

## Yet More Mexican 5 Members (since the Programme Book was printed)

|                    |                   |                    |                   |                    |
|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| 302 Paul J Allwood | 303 Jack Cohen    | 290 Julia Harriss  | d William V       | 304 Robert Sneddon |
| c Chris Ash        | d Caroline Croft  | 299 Rob Holdstock  | Nicholson         | d Steve Sneyd      |
| c Tom Ash          | 287 Karen Cross   | 305 Simon D Ings   | d Maggie Noach    | 315 Simon Spanton  |
| 318 Fergus Bannon  | 307 Richard Dalby | 291 Phil Janes     | c Sophie Noach    | d Jack D Stephen   |
| 288 Tim Barton     | 317 Paul Danesen  | 295 Kevin Leonardi | d Stuart Perry    | 323 Dave Tamlyn    |
| 300 Deborah Beale  | 309 Meg Davis     | 294 Nicholas       | 308 Matthew Petty | 297 Larry van der  |
| 298 Sarah Biggs    | 306 Simon Dearn   | Mahoney            | 320 Jim Pitts     | Putte              |
| 283 Pete Binfield  | 282 Richard Evans | 285 Lorna McLaren  | 296 Warren Keith  | c Rachel Wake      |
| 280 Paul Blair     | 314 Jo Fletcher   | 292 Alex McLintock | Puplett           | d Roy Watford      |
| 321 Gordon Brain   | 293 Julian Flood  | 319 Geraldine      | d Deb Rohan       | 301 Tad Williams   |
| 322 Faith Brooker  | d Anne Gay        | Montgomerie        | d Mike Scott      | 286 Andrew J       |
| 289 Tanya Brown    | 310 Dave Gibson   | 284 Sue Mowbray    | Rohan             | Wilson             |
| 316 Steven Cain    | 311 Gary M Gibson | 281 Caroline       | d Geoff Ryman     | 312 Erich Zann     |
| 324 Daisy Campbell | 313 Steve Glover  | Needham            | d Alison Sinclair | [c=child, d=1 day] |





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Volume 4  
Number ☺

A Free  
Lunch!

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## The Cactus Times Gourmet Supplement

or: NORMAN SPINRAD'S FAMOUS CHILLI RECIPE Published At Last!  
or: Now Will You Stop Grumbling, Norm?

**i** This formulation serves 100-150. The white space on the right is suitable for autographing.

### Ingredients

20lb minced beef  
15lb dried red kidney beans  
6 enormous onions or 10 normal ones  
1 pint tomato paste  
1 litre canned tomatoes or (better) 15 fresh ones  
250g whole cumin  
250g basil  
250g oregano  
100g turmeric  
4-6 heads garlic or a whopping glob of garlic paste  
5-8 large dried red chillies  
6 fresh hot chillies (or if not available double dried chillies)  
Water  
Oil, preferably sesame or olive  
Cayenne pepper by the bucketful to spice things up.

### Method

1. Soak beans overnight, wash and drain.
2. Fry dried chillies in oil until black.
3. Add cumin, brown for a few minutes.
4. Add mince beef, brown.
5. Add everything else [Assume you're supposed to chop the onion, garlic and chillies—Thog], cover with water and boil.
6. Lower to simmer, simmer till done (3-5 hours).
7. *Warning!* Do not adjust heat with cayenne until it has cooked for at least an hour to avoid culinary meltdown! [Thimp—Thog].
8. Eat.

### Dealing With the Aftermath

This section intentionally left blank.

*Alison Scott did the typing  
Dave Langford did something or other  
Dave Carson nearly drew the pictures*

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*The Wayside Pulpit—1974*

'The appalling NEL tax-write-off *Science Fiction Monthly* has begun to wreak its effect on fandom. Following a notice in the first issue [...] the February Globe meeting was overrun with a peculiar mixture of drunken cretins and sf freaks (who were not disappointed as John Brunner showed up from the Depths of Devon to prove to them that science fiction writers are other than human after all).'